

Two or three simple statements of fact—in a want ad—may change and enlarge the whole outlook for you!

DESERET EVENING NEWS.

TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

SATURDAY MAY 18 1907 SALT LAKE CITY UTAH

Half a dozen lines of type may be the link between you and something you want.

PART TWO

FIFTY-SIXTH YEAR

The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.

MOST PAMPERED PUSS ON EARTH

How Princess Victoria's Favorite Feline Gets Letter and Has Her Own Mail.

LEADS ENGLISH CAT CULT.

This Particular Cat Lives in a Two-Storey Villa and Gets Correspondence Every Day.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, May 18.—Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, who is the favorite niece of King Edward, and who recently was reported to be engaged to the czar's younger brother, is the acknowledged leader of the "cat cult" in England. Father Bernard Vaughan may or may not have been aware of this fact when he fulminated so violently against the cat and dog worshippers of society. It is doubtful, however, if even the St. Mary's Savanah could convince her highness that she is imperiling her immortal soul by lavishing her affections on cats. At Cumberland Lodge, in the royal domain of Windsor, where she resides with her parents, Prince and Princess Christian, she maintains a veritable feline paradise. The numerous cats, of all breeds and colors, are relieved of all the obligations imposed on common pussies of earning their board and lodging by catching rats and mice.

PRIVATE LETTER BOX.

She has the only cat in the world, probably, which can claim the distinction of a private address and letter box. "Her Royal Highness Princess Imp" is the name of this aristocratic favorite. Perhaps the most pampered cat in the world, she is a perfect specimen of that much prized, high-caste breed, the Chinchilla, which is distinguished from the plebeian members of the numerous tribe by its superb fluffy coat. Every morning the postman on his early rounds brings her a letter addressed, "H. R. H. Princess Imp, Seymour Lodge, Windsor." She is mounted on a small cart, and she makes no pretense of reading the letter—which by the way is sent by her loving mistress. On the contrary, Princess Imp is a "mystery" up. It is a diversion to which she has grown so accustomed that if perchance a day passes without bringing her a letter, she responds she sulks in her boudoir and refuses to be comforted.

"Seymour Lodge" is the name of the house where the cat resides. The family she is engaged in rearing. It is a dainty, miniature two-story villa. Over the front door, which leads into a little garden with gravel walks, is mounted a shield on which is emblazoned a crown, surmounting the letters "V. S. H." Princess Victoria's monogram. From the roof of the house, a cat is perched on a ledge, looking down at the garden. The cat is a Chinchilla, with a white face and chest, and with which her royal mother occasionally diverts herself.

MUSLIN CURTAINS.

The windows of the little house are hung with muslin curtains tied back with blue ribbons, and a staircase leads up to the first floor on which are the diningroom and bedrooms. Each cat has its own little wooden bed, with its full complement of sheets, blankets and quilt and bedding deemed necessary to insure the repose of a royal pet.

A miniature mansion near by are housed five female Persian cats, each of which occupies a separate flat. The windows of their abode are hung with muslin curtains tied up with bows of pink and green. One of these structures is the residence of a royal tom cat—Prince Puss III—who is also a member of the august Chinchilla family and the winner of many prizes at cat shows, and the father of a numerous progeny which have gained similar distinctions. He isn't put to the trouble of choosing his wives. They are all carefully selected for him. And he can serenade his lady loves without ever being called to do battle with masculine rivals.

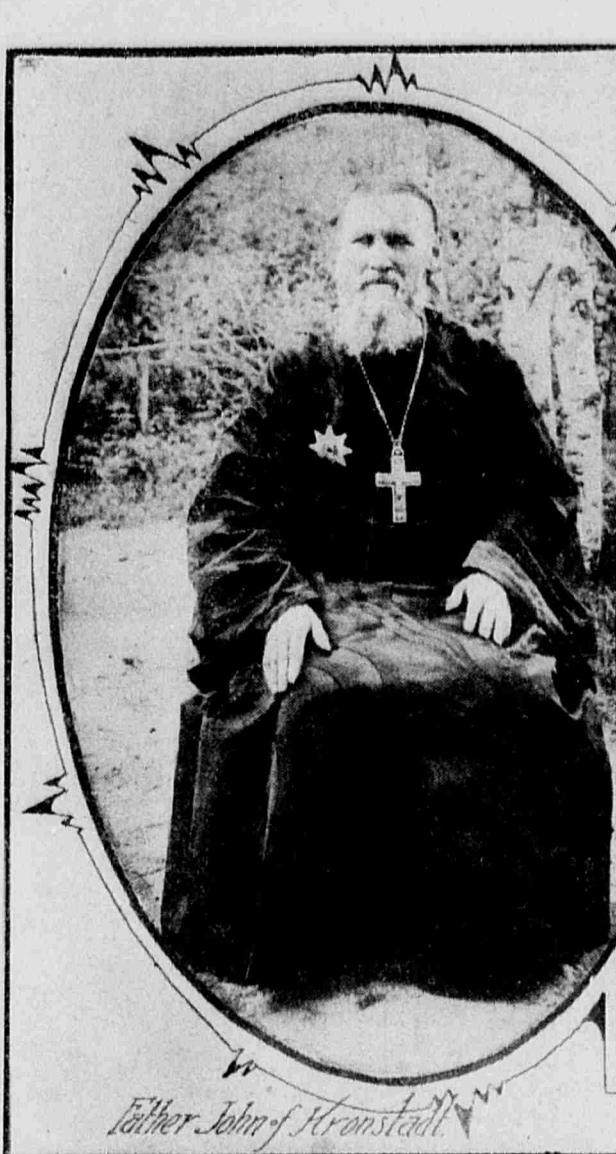
LACK FOR NOTHING.

If "Princess Imp" and the rest of Princess Victoria's cats lack anything to make them supremely happy it is not their royal mistress' fault. Their meals are carefully prepared for them, and are always served on time. The milk supplied them comes from the king's own cows. Their special attendant is an old maid—Miss Arnot—who finds her duty in looking after, for old maids are proverbially fond of cats. Not to make any bones about it, Princess Victoria is an old maid herself. There is never any discreet concealment of royal birth dates and half a dozen annuals, in that portion devoted to the royal family, record the fact that she was born in 1876. Even the stern moralist might be moved to regard that as an extenuating circumstance when pondering upon her extraordinary devotion to cats. And if she lavishes such superfluous affection on cats that does not prevent her from being very fond of babies and children and devoting much attention to them, Her mother's pet hobby is a creche for poor children at Windsor which she has maintained for 20 years. And in making these little waifs of poverty happy Princess Victoria is her chief assistant.

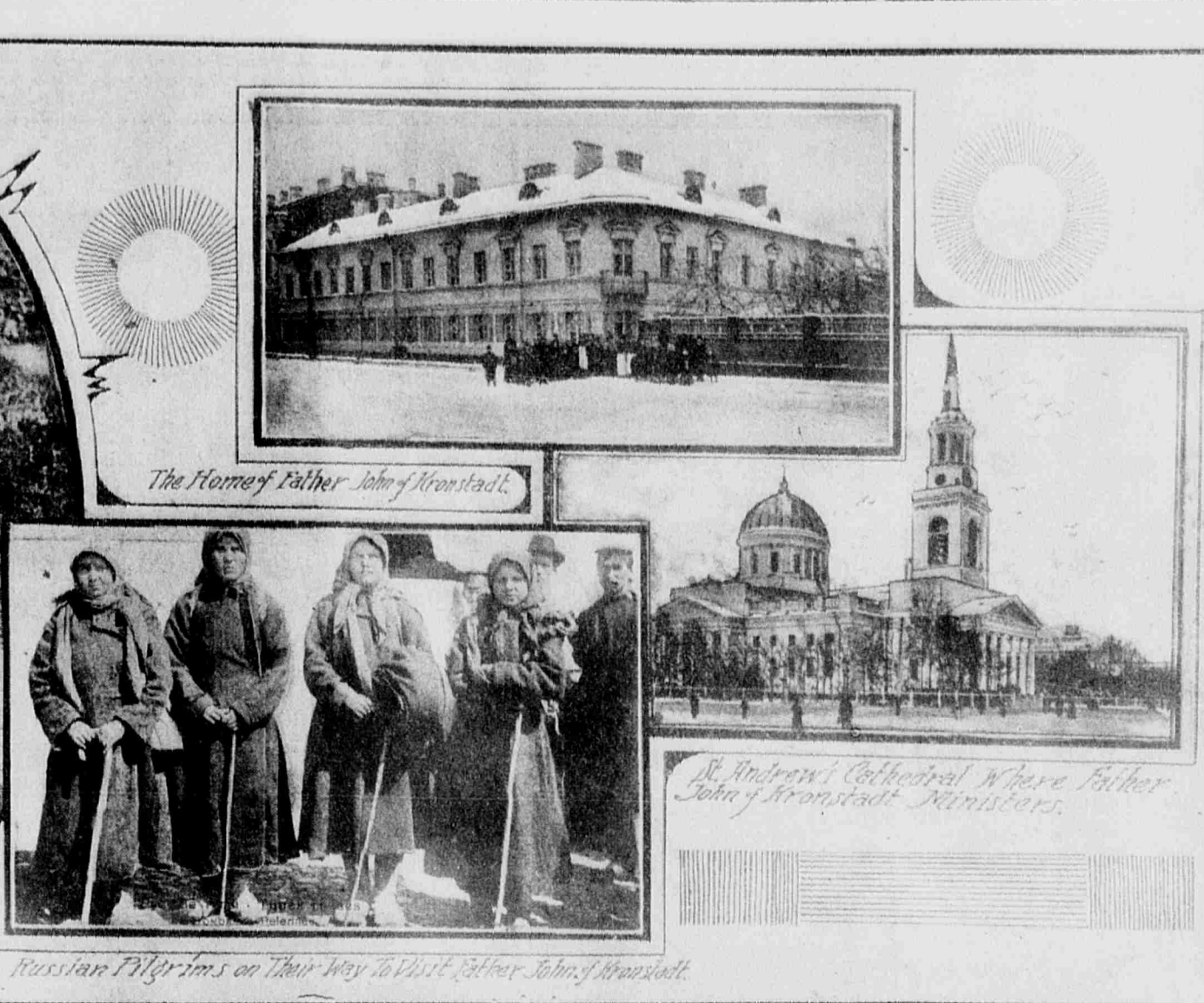
If Princess Victoria kept all the cats that are born in her "cattery," Cumberland Lodge, of course, would soon be overrun by them. She sells those she does not care to keep. She either gives them away or sells them. The fact that she has cats for sale in papers devoted to the cat cult. The money she makes in this way comes in very handy, for she is not particularly well off for a princess. She is dependent on what her parents allow her and neither of them is rich. Her mother has only £10,000 a year which parliament settled on her when she married.

THE QUEEN ALSO.

Queen Alexandra goes in for cats quite extensively as well as for dogs. Of late years she has shown greater partiality for her feline pets than for her "bow wow's." Her special favorite is a handsome Persian who has



Father John of Kionstadt.



The Home of Father John of Kionstadt.

St. Andrew's Cathedral Where Father John of Kionstadt Ministers.

Russian Pilgrims on Their Way to Visit Father John of Kionstadt.

Russia's Noted Priest, Saint or Charlatan?

Vivid Account of a Visit To And Interview With Father John of Kionstadt, Who is Venerated by Thousands of Russians as a Holy Man and a Miracle Worker, And Denounced by Others as a Shrewd Impostor.

Special Correspondence.

S. T. PETERSBURG, May 1.—No ecclesiastic of the Russian church ever has enjoyed such world-wide fame as Father John of Kionstadt. In his native land he has the reputation of a saint and a miracle worker, and the attention of the English-speaking public has been drawn to him by constant references in print to his remarkable career. His writings, in a bulky volume, published under the title of "My Life in Christ," are often to be seen in the libraries of American and English clergymen, and his biography, written by a Scotch divine, has had a wide circulation.

A man with such a reputation could hardly fail to have enemies. Bitter attacks have been made on him by the Russian press, and his lack of worldly wisdom undoubtedly has facilitated the task of his opponents. He has been accused of trading on the superstitions of the people in order to fill his pockets, of indulging in unheard-of immorality, of pretending to be John the Baptist returned to earth, in short of being a thorough-paced charlatan. A man typed me lightly on the shoulder. I turned to find a young man, who told me marvelous stories of his power to heal the sick, of his piety and his charity to the poor, but others abused him immoderately, and not knowing whom to believe, I recently determined to go and see him and judge for myself. I found not, I think, a saint, but a simple, not very cultured yet transparently good man.

IN AN ICY WIND. I turned up the great collar of my "shuba" and pulled my fur cap low on my forehead to prepare for the drive, in the teeth of an icy wind, across the stretch of frozen sea which separates the mainland from the little island on which Kionstadt is built. Quickly the sledge glided over the ice, gleaming in the sunshine like opal, quickly the road flashed past, and beyond their boundary ice yachts darted hither and thither with incredible swiftness like fabulous white-winged sea fowl. In 30 minutes the town was reached.

and the sledge soon stopped before the cathedral where Father John of Kionstadt has ministered for many years. I pushed open the door and entered, or, to speak accurately, squeezed myself into the building, which was so crammed with people that it was difficult to find room even for one more. It was a change from the Polar regions to Central Africa, for the heat was stifling, but the fervent crowd of pilgrims had no thought of the discomfort of standing crushed together in the almost insupportable atmosphere of the church. Their thoughts were fixed on God and His Mother and the priest whom they regard as a saint, whose picture they place in their homes with the pictures of the Virgin and St. Nicholas or St. Seraphim, by whose intercession, they say, the czar has been given a son.

The choir sang the music of the Russian church, a chant of almost unearthly loveliness, the aromatic perfume of incense was wafted from the sanctuary and the golden icons of the saints glittered in the yellow light of the tapers burning before them. A man typed me lightly on the shoulder with a candle, "St. Nikolai," he said. I took it, stretched out my hand as far as possible, "St. Nikolai," I echoed, tapping a man some way in front and the taper passed through the crowd until it reached the holy shrine where it was to flame in silent intercession before the saint.

SANCTUARY GATES.

Slowly the royal gates of the sanctuary opened and a figure in vestments of cloth of silver and a scintillating mitre emerged from the blaze of light in the holy place. It was Father John. A quiver of emotion passed through the crowd, all who could fell on their knees, but the crush was so great that this was impossible for many; some bent their heads to receive a blessing, others gazed with ecstatic devotion in their eyes at the little old man whose touch is said to heal the sick. The choir was silent, the worshippers hushed and expectant. Quietly the priest told them that it was impossible

for him to hear the confessions of so vast a multitude. "Let each man tell his sins to God and then receive the absolution of his priest," he added words, so simple that they might have come from the lips of a Protestant pastor, on the need of repentance and firm purpose of amendment. When he had finished the strange silence ended and all told out their sins, proclaimed them aloud, as though none was near to hear. The air seemed heavy and polluted with the heat of human sin and misery as men told their breasts, and tales which would make the reader shudder with the ear of God. Near me were rough peasants, some of them had come from far distant homes and held the pilgrim's staff, tears ran down their rugged faces, one bent to the earth prostrate before heaven. Presently the uproar ceased and there was silence, disturbed only by the low sobs or penitential groans of the crowd.

Then came a still voice, calm and passionless. Faces were illumined with supernatural joy, radiant as though Gabriel himself had spoken, the place seemed pure and holy again, for Father John had pronounced the absolution and high heaven smiled with pardon. The crystal voices of the choir rose in tender melodies, a devout chanted prayers before the royal gates, the voice of the priest came softly from the mysterious sanctuary and the crowd pressed forward to receive the awful sacrament at the hands of Father John. Probably nowhere in the world could such a scene of sumptuous magnificence and simple fervor be witnessed.

IN PRIEST'S STUDY.

A couple of hours later I was in the study of the old priest. He received me with great kindness. "Do you speak Russian?" he asked. "Yes," I replied. "That is good," he made me sit at the table and placed his chair very close to mine. "You must speak very loudly," he said, throwing his arm affectionately round my shoulders, "because I am deaf." Somehow I felt as if I had no right

to monopolize his time. Many a peasant would have given all he possessed to be in my place, talking to the venerable-looking priest. Yet his robe of rich black brocade with sleeves turned back with crimson silk, the magnificent cross of gold set with pearls and turquoises he wore seemed out of keeping with his reputation as a saint; and the room with its soft carpet, a rare luxury in Russia, and costly icons, one of which he told me was a gift from the czar, a strange setting for a miracle-worker.

"Yes," he said, in reply to a question, "I often see the czar, and his father died in my arms," a remark which reminded me that Father John and his court chaplain had a worldly newspaper controversy as to which had given the last sacrament to Alexander III, a pretty squabble difficult to associate with sanctity at any rate for a western man accustomed to take such figures as Augustine or gentle Francis or stern Ignatius as criterions for canonization.

BITTER ATTACKS.

I spoke of the bitter newspaper attacks directed against him. "Who else about me in my small, cheap papers?" he exclaimed vehemently. "Journalists who have lost their consciences and circulate slander and falsehood, our godless intelligentsia," he said, and he made use of an expressive Russian phrase, "to such people I am a catarrh on the eye." Then he added in a quiet, almost plaintive voice: "God is my righteousness. I have served Him for 50 years. He knows me, to Him alone I shall answer these charges at the judgment of the whole world. If you wish to know what the true Russia thinks of me, ask her. I speak with boldness before God. She will bear testimony for me."

Now, Father John showed very clearly the other day what he meant as he said by the true Russia. He came to St. Petersburg expressly to bless the new banner of the union of the Russian people, a black hundred organization, which contains nobody of the slightest intellectual eminence. This body is frankly reactionary, its organs in the press dox, they advocate pogroms and the murdering of Jews, it petitions the czar and the emperor to abolish the death penalty and the court-martial which are terrorizing the Russian people, and it asks her to give liberty to the Jews; it sticks to the old principle which would be advocated by Father John: the Orthodox and Russian are the two pillars of the Russian state.

The scene when Father John entered the great Mikhailovsky riding school to bless the banner was truly remarkable. The meeting had begun with violent harangues, punctuated about every five minutes by a shout of "God save the czar!" by a military band and by the cheering of a well-trained "chœur" suddenly it had changed to a magnificent religious pageant, orators gave way to ecclesiastics, and the band and the children who sang the dreamy music of the church. As they chanted there was a rush of people to one side of the hall and I saw the little old priest of Kionstadt being half-carried through the crowd, rushed along by a couple of stalwart men to extricate him quickly as possible from the devotees pressing to touch his robe. Father John is as hostile to the levelling reformers as he is to the political reformers of modern Russia. "What do you think of Tolstol and his followers?" I asked him. "I do not hesitate to term the men who called for Tolstol as good for nothing people and godless Anarchists. They adore their master and I always oppose him. On that account they are angry with me and are ready to wipe me off the face of the earth. But I do not fear them, nor do I pay any attention to them. After all, could I expect from the world better treatment than I receive? I have seen the world treat Christ and the apostles and martyrs? The Lord said that all who wished to live in this world religiously will be persecuted. The apostles of Christ persecuted me."

I spoke of his great popularity in Russia. I have always protested," he said humbly, "at my being so highly placed in churches. I do not seek and did not seek glory," and he added with a certain flash in his voice, "I came back to me by and by the glory which said: 'Those who glorify Me I will glorify.'"

We spoke of the extraordinary woman

SHOWING QUEER FROM HIS PRISON

Inmate of Polish Jail Makes Counterfeit Coins and Floods The Town.

WAS AIDED BY HIS JAILOR.

Game Went on for Months and Even The Governor Got Some of the Spurious Money.

Special Correspondence.

WARSAW, Poland, May 1.—Only in Russia, surely, could a counterfeiter be found within the walls of a prison. In the czar's domain, however, all things are possible, even that a prisoner, under lock and key in a cell, should be able to make and circulate counterfeit coins for months without arousing the suspicions of the authorities. The statement sounds incredible, yet it is absolutely true.

MANY FALSE ROUBLES.

At Kovno, a large town in Lithuania, the public have been complaining for some time past of the multitude of false roubles, half roubles and 15 kopeck pieces in circulation. The passing of such coins is not, in itself, punishable in Russia and the most punctilious persons do not hesitate to try to get rid of false coins. The best place is the market, where the Jews take and pass them with the greatest of ease. In respectable households the false coins go to the cook, who exchanges them for meat and vegetables at the market place. But at Kovno things were getting too bad, and even the Jews grew careful of what money they took.

GOVERNOR CAUGHT.

The governor of the prison, who followed the same plan as ordinary mortals for getting rid of spurious coin, had complaints from his cook who got back as good—or rather as bad—as she gave and received false coin in her change whenever she went to market. The governor in turn complained to the head of the police, who promised to unearth the coiners and set an "agent" (a sort of private detective) to watch the market place. The agent soon discovered that a woman named Lednicka was constantly passing false coins—now at this stall, now at that. One day he had her arrested, taken to the nearest police station and searched. A good deal of money was found on her, and it was all false. She protested her innocence, saying that her husband had given her a month's money for the housekeeping.

A WIFE'S REPLY.

"What is your husband and where does he live?" the head inspector asked. She replied that he was a jailor, and lived at the local prison. Mr. Lednicka was promptly arrested and questioned as to his wife's money. At first he refused to answer, but finally admitted that he got the money from one of the prisoners under his charge—a man named Alkita, who had been in prison awaiting his trial on a charge of banditism, for the past eight months. "What part of the prison does he live in?" the inspector asked. "In a cell, of course," was the answer. "No. 25—on the ground floor, to the left side of the courtyard." The police took her to the prison and asked her to leave to search cell No. 25. "Are you mad?" cried the governor. "The prison is under my charge. You can search the people here, but I'm hanged if you're going to inspect my place whenever it suits you!"

FROM CELL 25.

Then they explained that Lednicka had confessed to getting false coins from cell No. 25, and hinted that he himself had asked to have the coiners disclosed. He reluctantly gave the czar and the cell was opened—much to the discomfiture of the occupant, who, sure that Lednicka alone had the keys, was told to leave his prison and had not time to put away his pants.

NABBED REDHANDED.

The indignation of the governor was only cooled by the sight of the police when the plan for getting false roubles, half-roubles and 15-kopeck pieces was found in the cell. Caught redhanded, Lednicka was taken to the police station and the police took a fancy to each other from the moment they first met in the prison. Much soon confided to the police that he knew how to make false coins if Lednicka would go to a certain address in the town and bring the plant. Lednicka, for passing the coins, was taken out and hidden in Lednicka's prison. The plan proceeded admirably. They made and circulated false money for over half a year and had it not been for the governor's cook, would probably have gone on. Much went up for trial. Kovno is convinced with the story and, of course, there are no persons who had that the cook was in the prison. I know something about the matter.

How England Rewards Her Soldiers.

Britain has generally been negligent in rewarding her soldiers. Even the Duke of Wellington gave only £100 to his soldiers. In the Crimean War the British government gave a pension of £250 a year for two generations, and on the conclusion of the Crimean War the British government gave £250 a year for two generations. After Waterloo the government bought for the estate of Stratfield Mortimer at a cost of £200,000. Lord Wolsey received a grant of £25,000 on completing his Asiatic campaign; Sir Hugh Gough for the Sikh war, an annuity of £2,000; Sir Colin Campbell £2,200 for wiping out the Indian mutiny; and Sir Henry Havelock, for the relief of Lucknow, £1,000. Coming to more recent times, Lord Roberts received £100,000 for his services in the South Africa campaign, and Lord Kitchener received £20,000 after Omdurman—£10,000.

(Continued on page fourteen.)

(Continued on page fourteen.)